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Control



93 4 8

Chapter 1 by Jenna Nesmith

She had woken up again in a pool of blood, but that was normal for her after a full moon. She could see the bodies that littered the warehouse floor. Not looking at there faces she started to pile the bodies on top of one another. She had met some of these people one worked at the grocery mart, another the pub, and there is the one who worked in the bakery.

She had met them, but that also meant that It had meant them as well. It decided to kill them because she had been nice to them. That was the reason she couldn't afford to care. If she cared in the smallest way It would find that light and snuff it out.

She put down the can of gasoline. "I am sorry It did this to you all." She dropped the match and watched as the flames started to envelope the bodies.

It would be an unsolved mass murder they followed her everywhere. What more could one suspect when it had a blood-lusting thing controlling them?

Chapter 2 by Lolitroy



She was a girl, and then she was a monster.

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presumably due to an ill-fated chain of introvert exes that wanted to get out their fantasies to life.

Apparently the media had brainwashed more people than necessary in more ways than necessary.

"No," he'd tell them, "Despite what those TV shows may tell you, a 'player' isn't really a thing and not every guy sleeping around with everyone has a sad past. I'm just a jerk and proud of it."

It happened to be that he did have a sad past, but then again, hadn't everyone?

He caught her looking at bakery and walked up to her. Two people with overwhelmingly low odds of ever crossing each other, let alone talk, in the middle of the bust streets. People talking. Gray clouds. In a while, it would begin to rain.

"Want one?"

Then the social, yet unreachable guy would talk to the shy, unreachable girl. That's the way many romantic comedies began. When it came to real life, most meetings ended with a heartbreak.

Did she ignore him? Take his offer? Follow the script?

None. She shook her head and muttered, "Thank you, but I can't."

And then she let herself be engulfed in the crowd.

Just a few hours later, Seth would see her walk through that very same streeth. Covered in blood.

Chapter 3 by Barbara



The first thought that came to his mind -why wouldn't it be- was assuming something terrible

had been done to her. Who in his right mind would see this young girl and think that she actually was the one responsible for it?

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Seth couldn't quite explain it. It was one thing, but this felt like something else. Something he couldn't put his finger on. And at the same time, something was telling him to stay away.

Crossing the street, he was reminded that it was still raining and how much he usually loved this type of weather as it meant fewer people on the streets.

"Hey..."

He grabbed her and turned her around so she was facing him.

"What happened?"

Chapter 4 by SaintSayaka



Nobody stopped her except him. In fact, nobody was really looking at her except him. The whole world had gone crazy, Seth concluded. Except him, and maybe except this girl.

She began to laugh. Deep, roaring laughs that tore through him like riptide.

"What's so funny?" he asked. Was she hurt? Was she in shock?

"You are. This all is. This situation..." She took a breath. "I think I'll take you up on that offer now. To buy me something from the bakery, I mean."

Chapter 5 by Lunar_Eclipse03



*****Embrace yourself my dear you cannot do anything about it.*****

Seth, letting her lean on him for support, walked her to the bakery. Knowing that people would stare at her, he gave her his jacket. She put it on, to cover up the blood.

"What do you want?" Seth asked sweetly, not realizing that she was the murderer not the victim. She smiled at him, the blood smeared on her mouth.

"I don't care. Whatever you want to get me." She said. Seth went up to the register and bought a bag of donuts, a cup of water, and two cups of coffee. He walked back to their table.

"Here, have some food. I also bought you some coffee and water. Help you hydrate I guess. You look like a mess. What happened?" Seth said, noticing that the blood was fresh.

All of a sudden a shudder went through her. Seth sat down. It wasn't a shudder, it was more like a nudge. In Seth's direction

"Turn. Go into a fight. It's not my blood, don't worry." She said grabbing a donut and stuffing her face. Seth looked into her eyes. Unusual for a person. Her eyes were red.

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